

ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 1.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1872.

NO. 52.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

GROUPE & BALDWIN,
TOWNSEND, COUNSELLORS & SOLICITORS.
W. W. GROUPE, F. W. BALDWIN,
Bartons, Vt.

C. F. PERIAVAL,
DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS & CASES.
48 Water St., Barton, Vt.

L. R. WOOD, JR.,
SIGN WRITER, Signs, Banners, Ornamental Paint
ing and Designing.
Bartons, Vermont.

J. B. CANNIDY,
HAIR DRESSING, Special atten-
tion paid to cutting ladies' and children's hair.
Bartons, Vt.

DAVID GILLIS,
DEALER IN HARNESSES, blankets, whips, curry
combs, &c., Barton Landing, Vt.

A. D. JASSEY,
PRACTICAL MARON,
Coventry, Vermont.

J. F. WRIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon, Office over Grandy, Skilme
Parker's store.
Chronic diseases a specialty.
Bartons Landing, Vt.

DR. O. A. REMIS,
HOMOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
12 Craftsbury, Vermont.

DR. PARKHURST,
HARRBROUGH, will be at E. W. Langway's Hotel
in Coventry, Friday of each week, from 2 to 5 P.
Agent for Waterbury, N. S. Truss. Keep con-
sistently on hand.

W. B. CRITCHFIELD,
PAINTER & GLAZIER, Graining, White-washing
and Paper Hanging done in the best style and
guaranteed. Orders solicited.
East Albany, Vt.

J. J. HILL,
SUCCESSOR TO F. P. CHERRY, will continue to
sell a large variety of Sewing and Knitting Ma-
chines. Orders solicited. Barton, Vt.

CUTLER & GOSW,
MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages and Bicycles,
Greenboro, Vt.

MISS A. J. CUTLER,
MILLINERY, DRESS MAKING and pattern rooms
Barton, Vt.

E. G. STEVENS,
SURGEON DENTIST
Barton Landing, Vt.

M. J. SMITH,
BROTHER OF THE ORLEANS COUNTY Marble Works
Foreign and American Marble, Gravestones,
Monuments, &c.

J. N. WEBSTER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT,
Bartons, Vermont.

J. N. WEBSTER,
PHOTOGRAPHIC, Dealer in Stereoscopes, Views,
oval, square, and rustic frames of all kinds.
Bartons, Vt.

FRED H. MOORE,
PAINTER, Graining, Graining, White-
washing and Paper Hanging. All work done in
the best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Saw filed
order.

DALE & ROBINSON,
TOWNSEND and Counselors at Law, Barton, Vt.
GEO. S. DALE, J. B. ROBINSON.

J. L. WOODMAN,
DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and findings of the
best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash.
Here over A. & L. Twombly's.

MRS. GEO. C. DAVIS,
DRESS AND VEST MAKER,
Bartons, Vermont.

A. & J. L. TWOMBLY,
HOLESALE and retail dealers in Flour, Corn,
Potatoes, and other produce. Also, Groceries,
Fruit, and other goods. Barton, Vt.

A. C. ROBINSON,
HOLESALE and retail dealers in Flour, Grain, W. L. Goods,
Fruit, and other produce. Also, Groceries, Picture
frames, Nails, Glass, &c., Depot Store, Barton, Vt.

W. W. KATON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery.
Will attend cases in Orleans and Caledonia
counties. Prompt attention given to collection.
Bartons, Vt.

MARTIN ABBOTT,
WHEELWRIGHT, Carriage Maker and General
Job Worker. Open and close buggies, and all
kinds of carriages always on hand. Glover Vt.

J. E. DWINELL,
MANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all
kinds and descriptions. Carpets, Room Paper
and Pictures, also Coffins and Caskets. Picture
frames, Spring Beds &c. Glover Vt.

NEW GOODS!
The collector has just opened a fresh lot of
MILLINERY
AND
Fancy Goods.

including all the latest styles from New York and Bos-
ton; such as: Neapolitan, French, and Italian styles,
sundowns and linen hats, Bonnets of every
color, ribbons, to Black, White, and Edgings, all in
Silks, Colours and a variety of Fancy Goods.
Millinery and

DRESS MAKING
done at our rooms by
EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.

We have made arrangements to receive goods from New
York and Boston, and can give our customers
EVERY WEEK
the latest styles.

THE LATEST STYLES
AND
LOWEST MARKET PRICES.
Thanking the public for their past favors, I hope to
receive my share of your future patronage.
Bartons, Vt., May 6th, 1872.

FARM FOR SALE.
On account of continued ill health of myself and wife
offer for sale my farm, formerly occupied by the late
Judge Hardy, of 100 acres, first best land, situated with-
in a mile and a half of Waterbury, on the road leading
from Glover, Vt. to Waterbury, N. H. Buildings all in
good condition. Never falling water on the premises.
50 acres cleared. Good sugar orchard of 600 trees
within 20 rods of the house. Farm will be sold with
the hay and stock, or without. Terms made easy.
This is one of the best bill farms in the County.
For further particulars inquire of the undersigned on
the premises.
N. B. DODGE,
West Glover, Sept. 2, 1872.

Our new stock of
FALL
AND
WINTER GOODS

Includes a full line of desirable Dress Goods—(among
which we can show as good Black Alpaca as can
be found in any country store.)
Repellants, Shawls, Flannels, Cussumers,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Hats & Caps.
BUFFALO & LARROBES,
Babies' and Children's Boots, Rubbers
And Articles also the best

TEAS,
FLOUR,
SPICES.

And other Groceries.
Bartons Landing, Nov. 9, 1872. AUSTIN & JOSELYN.

COMIC MISERIES.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself a happy dog.
For all your merry ways,
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

You're at an evening party, with
A group of pleasant folks—
You venture quietly to crack
The least of little jokes:
A lady doesn't catch the point,
And begs you to explain—
Alas for one who drops a jest
And takes it up again!

You're talking deep philosophy
With very special force,
To edify a clergyman:
With suitable discourse:
You think you've got him; when he calls
A friend across the way,
And begs you'll say that funny thing
You said the other day!

You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*
Into a neighbor's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever thing he hears,
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old, authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the pun!

By sudden change in politics,
Or sadder change in Polly,
You lose your love, or loves, and fall
A prey to melancholy,
While everybody marvels why
Your mirth is under hand,
They think your very grief 'a joke,'
You're such a funny man!

You follow up a stylish card
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit
(To pay for musty wine);
You're looking very dismal, when
My lady bounces in,
And wonders what you're thinking of,
And why you don't begin!

You're telling to a knot of friends
A fancy tale of woes
That clouds your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose—
A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news:
You quarrel with your wife!

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself a happy dog.
For all your merry ways,
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

Florida is now the land of oranges.
Watermelon wine is a California drink.
A great many favor it with butter.
The heathen Chinese is taking the place
of the colored laborer on the Texas
railroad.

And now the coast of the Mediterran-
ean is being ravaged by a fearful course
of storms.
Industry is the law of our being. It
is the demand of nature, of reason, and
of God.

The hard times are affecting Lo, the
poor Indian; he complains that nothing
but half-headed emigrants go West now.
There is one pleasant reflection on go-
ing to bed in Titusville, Pa., after a poor
supper. The chances are that the hotel
will burn up before breakfast.

The soldiers belonging to the British
army don't seem to "stick" very well.
Over seven hundred desertions per month
are officially reported at head quarters.

They have precocious politicians in
Mobile. A five-year-old girl wishes to
be informed whether Santa Claus is a
Democrat or a Radical.

Louisville don't mean anything per-
sonal to the statesmen; it is made that
the hog disease has closed many business
houses in Cincinnati.

One George Bug of Rondout has a
rose bush that blossomed five times dur-
ing the past season. Remarkable rose,
Bug.

After the first of January, it will cost
one dollar a year to own a dog in In-
diana, and five dollars for every additional
dog.

An Ohio cheese merchant has invent-
ed an electrical machine for killing skip-
pers. "Cheese struck by lightning" is
now the only kind admissible.

An Elmhurst poet has been writing a
blank verse eulogy to Aurora, which he
calls "Cayuga's beautiful bride." No
cards.

The Nebraska Indians are allowed to
ride into the statesmen; they can jump on
while the cars are in motion. The tribe
is being reduced very rapidly.

A young lady at Toledo fainted when
told that over 500,000 men died last
year, but was revived by the information
that there were 13,000,000 left.

A doctor in Paris has invented a new
kind of medicine, and gave his servant
a calico dress to take a dose. He af-
terwards changed it to a shroud, and has
hired another girl.

A Michigan man lately had his head
cut into by a circular saw as far as the
brains ought to be. As none were found,
the top of his skull was spiked on again
and he is recovering.

The heirs of Robinson Crusoe have
instituted a suit to recover the Island of
Juan Fernandez, founding their claim
upon the ground that he was "monarch
of all he surveyed."

A Yates County, N. Y., man stole
sheep, all summer long, and when at last
he was detected, his friends moved that
he was insane, a doctor seconded the
motion, the sheep stealer was carried to
an insane asylum, and justice whistled
in astonishment.

At Binghamton, N. Y., the other day,
a kitten mounted a tree, and, being afraid
to come down, a gentleman went up the
tree after it. Unlike the kitten, the
gentleman was afraid he would come
down, so, in order to have both hands
in his descent, he brought the kitten
down in his mouth.

MY COURTSHIP.

For the Monitor.

"The days when I went courting"
are written about, talked about, read
about, laughed about, and cried about;
all over the world. This seems to be
regarded by common consent, as an im-
portant epoch in everybody's history.
And, if others are allowed so much space
in the literature of the world to tell
about the days when they went courting,
is it any more than fair that I, who have
but one such day to talk about, should
have the privilege of pouring my brief
experience, among the many, into the
ears of a (perhaps) sympathizing public?

It happened on this wise. We had
a "dramatic club" in our village. "Our"
village, by the way, contained four
dwelling houses and a few shops, and
"we" lived within some two or three
miles of them. This "club" had a name
to live for. Two or three of us had gotten
together and learned and acted a dia-
logue, and on the evening which intro-
duced my story we had succeeded in
agreeing on an evening when we should
meet together for the rehearsal of an-
other. Among the actors was a pretty,
light-hearted, good-natured, old affection-
ate Miss A—, who had struck me
as being about as lovable a piece of
humanity as could be found. I am natu-
rally bashful, but was possessed of a
desire to show my devotion to, and ad-
miration for, the fair sex, and this little
angel among them in particular. Now,
thought I, is my time. So, timidly, I
approached the object of my admiration,
and asked if she was coming to the re-
hearsal. She replied that it depended
upon whether she could persuade her
father or brother to come with her.
Would she come with me if I were to
happen along about the right time with
a team? Yes. Wasn't I happy?

Didn't I walk upon roses as I went home
that evening? Well, if not, you can't
prove it by me.

The next question was for a team.
Our old mare would—yes—she would
answer, if only I had a sleigh; but cer-
tainly I wasn't going on a courting trip
in the old pug! After looking around
a little I engaged one of neighbor S.
which I afterwards paid for in chopping.
The old mare was carded, blanketed,
and cared for in a way which astonished her;
and on the day appointed, in order to
kill two birds with one stone, I took a
gist and proceeded to mill, some ten
miles away, passing the residence of the
author of my felicity on the way. I
had to wait at the mill until late in the
afternoon, and must needs make pretty
good time going back, in order to be in
season for the rehearsal; and the way
in which "Old Jin" flew over the road
was, for her, not very slow. I reached
the house a little after dark, and a few
minutes sufficed to transfer the bags of
flour and meal to a place of safety, and
I soon experienced the much-desired
pleasure of having Miss A. snugly tucked
up in the robes beside me.

But "the course of true love never
runs smooth," and I soon began to ex-
perience an unexpected trouble. The
old mare had held her own finely on the
homeward trip, from the mill, but the
unusual speed had been too much for
her, and she now began to show evident
signs of exhaustion. The whip, which
I had congratulated myself upon not
having been called upon to use, was re-
sorted to, and in tolerable season we
reached the village, where I was com-
forting myself by thinking my horse
would have an opportunity to rest before
making the return journey. Imagine my
consternation on discovering that the
school-house was unlighted and un-
warmed. It was a bitter cold night and
the other members of the club had prob-
ably thought it too tedious a night to
turn out to the rehearsal. Well, here I
was, three miles from home, and with a
tired horse. My wit, like the Irish-
man's came too late, and the thought of
calling into some house in the village
and warming up before resuming the
journey never entered my head until
we were some distance on our way back,
and beginning to shiver with cold—
Slowly we made our way back, urging
the old mare on by a vigorous use of the
whip, and, at last, after vowing a dozen
times to myself never to be caught in
such a scrape again, my companion in
tribulation, half frozen was set down by
her father's sitting-room fire. How my
list of woes would have terminated if
difficult to imagine, had not the lady's
"big brother" been friendly, and invited
me to put my horse in the barn and
spend the night with him—an invitation
which I was not slow to accept. In the
morning I took my grist and went
home without waiting to see how Miss
A. came out after her "chilling experi-
ence," but I afterwards found that she
suffered from a severe cold for some
weeks in consequence.

It required two months of careful
nursing and doctoring to cure the mare
of the effects of that one courting trip,
and she has never been called upon to
go on another by me. "The world is
all a fleeting show," so is the happi-
ness and enjoyment one expects from
courting, if my experience is any guide.
For one thing I am thankful;—Miss A.

appeared to forgive me for having bro't
her into such a "chilling experience" as
I call it, though I shall keep clear of
ladies, sleigh-rides, and dramatic clubs
in the future. They were intended for
more lucky fellows than I.

W. H. W.
St. Johnsbury, Dec. 20, 1872.

THE YUKA DEVIL.

(From the Overland Monthly.)

On the reservation there once lived an
Indian who was so thoroughly bad in
every respect that he was generally
known by the sobriquet of "The Yuka
Devil." He committed all the seven
deadly sins and a good many more, if
not every day of his life, at least as of-
ten as he could. One day he wandered
off a considerable way from the reserve,
accompanied by two of his tribal breth-
ren, and they fell upon, and wantonly
murdered three squaws, without any
known provocation whatever. They
were pursued by a detachment of the
garrison, overtaken, captured, carried
back manacled hand and foot, and con-
signed to the guard house. In some in-
explicable manner the devil contrived
to break his fetters asunder, and then
he tied them on again with twine in
such fashion that, when the turkeys
came along on a tour of inspection, he
perceived nothing amiss.

Being taken out for some purpose or
other soon afterward, he seized the op-
portunity to wrench off his manacles and
escape. But he was speedily overtaken
again and brought down with a bullet,
which wounded him slightly, taken back
to the guard house heavily ironed and
cast into a dungeon. Here he feigned
death. For four days he never swallow-
ed a crumb of nutriment, tasted no wa-
ter, breathed no air that could be dis-
covered, and lay with every muscle re-
laxed like a corpse. To all human per-
ception he was dead except that his body
did not become rigid or cold. At last
a vessel of water was placed on a table
hard by; information of that fact was
casually imparted to him in his native
speech; all the attendants withdrew, the
dungeon relapsed into silence, and he
was secretly watched.

After a long time, when profound si-
lence prevailed, and when the watchman
began to believe he was in a trance, at
least, he cautiously scrutinized every
cranny and crevice of light, then softly
crawled out on all-fours to the table,
taking care not to clank his chains the
while, took down the pitcher and drank
deep and long. They rushed in upon
him, but upon the instant—so fatuous
was the obstinacy of the savage—he
dropped as if he had been shot, and
again simulated death. But he was now
informed that his play was quite too
shallow for any further purposes, and as
soon as the gallows could be put in or-
der, the executioner entered and told
him plainly that the preparations were
fully completed for his taking off.

He made no sign. Then half drag-
ging, half carrying the miserable wretch,
they conducted him forth to the scaffold.
All limp and flaccid and nerveless, as
he is, they lift him upon the platform;
but still he makes not the least motion,
and exhibits no consciousness of all these
grim preparations. He is supported in
an upright position by two soldiers,
hanging a lifeless burden on their shoul-
ders; his head is lifted up from his
breast, where it hangs in heavy help-
lessness; the new drought, cold, and
hard, and the huge knot properly adjust-
ed at the side; the merciful cap, which
shuts off these heart-sickening prepara-
tions from the eyes of the faint and
shuddering criminal is dispensed with,
and everything is in perfect readiness.

The solemn stillness befitting the aw-
ful spectacle about to be enacted falls
upon the few spectators; the fatal signal
is given; the drop swiftly descends; the
supporting soldiers sink with it, as if
about to vanish into the earth and hide
their eyes from the tragedy; with a dull
dead thud the tightening rope wrenches
the poor savage from their up-bearing
shoulders into pitiless mid air; and the
Yuka Devil hanging there without a
twist or shiver, quickly passes from
simulated to unequivocal and unmis-
takable death.

One of the most touching features of
Mr. Greeley's character was his wonder-
ful love for his son Arthur T. ("Picke")
Greeley, who died over twenty years ago,
but whom he delighted to talk about
till the end of his life. It is of him
that Mr. Greeley speaks in this affecting
passage with which he closes a statisti-
cal sketch of Lake Superior and its
shores: "Who shall then know or
care that I, a tired wanderer from the
city's ceaseless strife, once roamed along
these shores, patiently turning over the
pebbles and sand in the search of agates
and cornucopias, or joyously gathering
the red berries of the mountain ash, and
all for thee, dear son of my heart! polar
summer of my rugged life! then so anx-
iously awaiting me in our distant cottage
home, as now more calmly in the radi-
ant Land of Souls? God keep me wor-
thy of thy love through the weary years,
till I meet thee and greet thee in that
world where the loving reunite, to be
parted no more forever."

A REPENTANT BURGLAR.

The world of fiction scarcely contains
a more thrilling chapter than an incident
which marked the life of Rev. Mr. Lee,
Presbyterian minister of the village of
Watertown, N. Y.

Mr. Lee was sitting in his study, about
midnight, preparing a discourse to de-
liver to his congregation, when he heard
a noise behind him, and became conscious
that some one was in the room. Mr. Lee
exclaimed: "What is the matter!" and
turning around in his chair he beheld
the grim face of a burglar, who was
pointing a pistol at his breast. The bur-
glar had entered the house by a side win-
dow, supposing all the occupants were
locked in slumber.

"Give me your watch and money,"
said he, "and make no noise or I will
fire."

"You may put down your weapon, for
I shall make no resistance, and you are
at liberty to take all the valuables I pos-
sess," was Mr. Lee's calm reply.

The burglar withdrew the menacing
pistol, and Mr. Lee said:
"I will conduct you to the place where
my most precious treasures are placed."

He opened the door and pointed to
the cot where his two children lay slum-
bering in the sweet sleep of innocence
and peace.

"These," said he, "are my choicest
jewels. Will you take them?"

He proceeded to say that as a minister
of the gospel he had few earthly pos-
sessions, and that all his means were
devoted to but one object—the education
of two motherless children. The bur-
glar was deeply and visibly affected by
these remarks. Tears filled his eyes,
and he expressed the utmost sorrow
at the act which he had been about to com-
mit.

After a few remarks by Mr. Lee, the
would-be criminal consented to kneel
and join in prayer; and there in that lonely
house, amid the silence of the midnight,
the offender poured forth his penitence
and remorse, while the representative of
religion, of peace, and good-will told
him to "go and sin no more." Such a
scene has few parallels.

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

In a time of famine a rich man allowed
twenty of the poorest children in the
town to come to his house, and said to
them, "In this basket there is a loaf of
bread for each of you; take it, and come
at the same hour every day till God
sends better times."

The children pounced upon the basket,
struggled and fought over the bread, be-
cause each wished to have the largest and
best loaf, and then they went away with-
out a word of thanks to their friends.

But Francesca, a little girl meekly
though neatly dressed, stood at a distance,
and gratefully took the loaf that was
left in the basket, which was the small-
est, then she kissed the good man's hand
and went quietly home.

The next day the children were just as
naughty and ill-behaved, and this time
there was left for poor Francesca a loaf
that was hardly half as large as the oth-
ers. But when she reached home and
her mother cut the bread, there fell out
a number of new pieces of silver.

The mother was frightened and said, "Take
back the money this moment, for it is
certainly in the bread by mistake."

Francesca took it back.

But the kind man said, "It is no mis-
take, my good child; I had the money
baked in the smallest loaf in order to re-
ward you. Be always as contented and
yielding as you now are. He who is
contented with the smallest loaf, rather
than quarrel for the largest, will receive
abundant blessings."—*Children's Hour.*

ELEPHANTS IN A QUICKSAND.

On the banks of the river Ganges, says
a military journalist, there are many
quicksands; and during our expedition
a somewhat distressing scene happened.
An elephant incautiously came within
the vortex of one: first one foot sank,
then another, and endeavoring to extri-
cate himself, matters became worse; no
portion of either of his legs was at last
visible, and the bystanders had given up
the poor animal as lost. Being, fortun-
ately, unusually powerful, he threw
several times, with what appeared to be
supernatural strength, drew a root from
the closely clinging clods, placing it
where, by sounding it with his trunk,
he found most solid; not until the third
time did the ground bear his pressure,
when he gradually released himself.

During the whole period of his troubles,
his cries were exceedingly dolorous, and
might have been heard a couple of miles;
his grunt, when they are at an end, was
equally indicative of satisfaction. The
internal application of a bottle of strong
spirits soon dissipated his trembling,
and restored his equanimity. Many un-
fortunate elephants are lost in these
treacherous sands, when large quantities
of grass or branches of trees are not at
hand to form an available support for
them. After a certain time the poor
beast becomes powerless; and the owner
can only look with sorrow at the gradual
disappearance of his noble animal, and
lament the pecuniary loss he hereby suf-
fers, for all human aid is futile. They
have been known to be twelve hours be-
fore entirely sinking.

BURIED BY A BEAR.

A gentleman from the lower country,
says the Alta California, where grizzly
bears relate the herders to take care of
the sheep, relates a curious adventure
which occurred to an Indian herdsman
in his employ. He sent the man to a
distant portion of a large rancho to look
after a herd of sheep a short time since.

The Indian at nightfall got under a
shed with a roof of branches, but open
on all sides, and lay down in his blank-
ets. After a few hours' sleep, he was
awakened by feeling the hot breath of
some animal on his face. He moved
his arms, and at once understood the
situation. A huge bear was snuffing
him. The man, with great presence of
mind, determined to keep perfectly still,
for he knew if he moved or cried out,
one blow of those huge paws would
break his skull like a walnut. Bruin
scratched off the blankets, and seized
the Indian by the leg. Though suffer-
ing terribly, the brave fellow did not al-
low a groan or cry to escape him. The
bear dragged him from the hut for some
distance, and then commenced to dig a
hole to lay the Indian in and cover him
up from the coyotes. After the grave
had been dug deep enough, the bear
(contenting himself with about a pound
of flesh from his victim's thigh) moved
the body to the hole and covered it up.

The Indian managed to keep the earth
over his face loose enough to allow him
to breathe, and when the bear retired,
he crawled out toward the Mustang,
which was picketed some yards outside
the hut. With great difficulty he mount-
ed, and then rode toward the rancho-
house. A doctor was then sent for, and
pronounced the wounds, though severe
and painful, not likely to prove fatal.

The next day a hunt was organized, and
the grizzly was killed in the neighbor-
hood of the spot where he had stowed
away his intended meal.

Besides the gold snuff-boxes and oth-
er gifts which Stanley has brought home,
he exhibits the bright little negro boy
Kalula, who has followed Stanley's for-
tunes to the country where the African
race have a home and a vote. This little
chap, with whose portrait, in a state
of semi-nudity, New York is familiar
through the illustrated press, is now
clothed after the manner of an English
page of the nineteenth century, whose
status is better expressed in the "but-
tons." He is a little shy on being first
introduced. When, however, he is ad-
dressed in Kiswahili, the language of
his tribe, which is located in Cazenbe's
country, south of Tanganyika, he talks
with considerable fluency. He is said
to possess considerable musical talent,
and sings with great gusto the following
refrain from the ancient scriptures of
the Ujijians:

Shufu dondonadone,
Shufu dondonadone,
Shufu dondonadone.

A LEARNED MAGICIAN.—Prof. Pepper,
a learned English naturalist now in this
country, in one of his recent lectures
gave quite an entertaining account of
the so called fire eaters. Fire, he said
might be handled with impunity if va-
rious conditions be complied with, and
as he frequently remarked, "if you know
how." Sometimes the skin is naturally
hard, thick, and callous, so that highly
heated substances may be held for some
time without danger; or non-conductor
might be interposed—a fact which he
illustrated by covering his hand with
charcoal and placing thereon a lump of
red hot iron. Certain chemical substan-
ces, being applied to the skin, will,
when in contact with other substances
of high temperature, vaporize, forming
a cushion of vapor which protects the
part from injury. To prove the fact,
the speaker, first dipping his hand into
turpentine to cleanse the skin, and then
into ether, coolly plunged it into a tank
of boiling water and removed an egg.
Then, as a concluding experiment, he
moistened his hand with strong ammonia
and dipped his fingers into molten lead,
hot enough to inflame paper, and finally
poured the molten metal on the palm
of his hand, scattering it about as if it
were quicksilver.

CONSIDERATE.—It is very seldom that
physicians will encourage their patients
to swallow medicine by taking it them-
selves to show how harmless and nice
it is; but there was one in Kansas who
lately took a dose of chloral to prove to
a patient that it would not hurt her.

The patient has every reason to place
the fullest confidence in his word. It
did not hurt her, but that was because
the doctor took it. It killed him. We
hope this practice will not prevail to any
great extent, or we shall soon be left
without physicians whose mission is not
to kill themselves but their patients.